RiFLe

SUMMER 2014 • WRFL 88.1 FM



FESTIVAL OVERVIEWS - INTERVIEWS - MUSIC REVIEWS - PHOTOGRAPHY - POETRY



doodle by:
Audrey Campbell

Our Dear and Gentle Reader,

This is the RiFLe – WRFL's three-times-a-year, in-house publication that predates the station's broadcast license. It includes comics, show reviews, poetry, photography, prose, and more from the many talented members of WRFL's volunteers, directors, and friends.

This is the RiFLe – it serves not only as a programming guide for the radio shows you can hear at different times of the day, but as a window into the community that keeps the station going 'round the clock. We're going around the clock – such that there's always a real person, playing real music, in a real deejay booth for Lexington, Central Kentucky, and the world at large.

This is the RiFLe – we hope that you'll take the time to really take a look at we've put together, and that you'll keep being such a big part of what keeps this place going.

Thank you for reading, and thank you for listening,

Ben Southworth,
General Manager

Table of Contents

04 | *Outside The Spotlight*

08 | *Big Ears Festival Review*

18 | *Finding the Words*

20 | *Show Schedule*

22 | *6,837 Miles Apart*

28 | *The British Soul Invasion*

32 | *Sexts Drugs RocknRoll*

34 | *#BBN*

DESIGNED AND ORCHESTRATED BY: BRANDYN HEYSER
WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO THE RIFLE SQUAD

Outside The

Jazz and improvised music series158 with Ballister on Saturday, March 29th at 7:00pm in the Fine Arts Library Niles Gallery.

The self-proclaimed "freewheeling trio" Ballister is a free improv jazz group making music that is at once energetic, electrifying, seductive, and a little bit noisy. With three other recordings already out, the trio celebrates their fourth release, "Both Ends" out on vinyl recently.

The freewheeling trio...
Dave Rempis - sax
Fred Lonberg-Holm - cello/electronic
Paal Nilssen-Love - drums

Thanks
Brian Connors Manke
(photos and haiku)

Spotlight





photo cred:
Brian Connors
Manke

bleep blop
blonk blonk
blonk
scriddy scraddy
skrooonk hush
hush
then I think
I cried

big sax
little sax
drums drams
the jams that
move us
aaah shit a
cello



Big Ears Festival 2014:

A celebration of creativity and of the individual

by: Cody Putman & Matt Gibson





Keiji Haino
photo cred:
Matt Gibson



photo cred: Matt Gibson

As told by Cody Putman:

"Music" can be a limiting term for the wildly expansive array of expression created by artists and individuals. The term has developed a context that provides that sound is "music" when it is deemed sophisticated, organized, aurally palatable and understandable enough for a general audience. Everyone knows that the human mind is capable of so much more than we can all comprehend. From the depths of our experiences, creative process, passions and innovation, we can craft experiences that bring us to new understandings and new innovations that remind us that we all want our voice to be heard.

Big Ears Festival in Knoxville Tennessee this year was a celebration of this idea. The idea that creativity through sound, performance and the individual can surpass understanding and a label. For an entire weekend, this beautifully quirky city opened its streets, venues and ears for an amazingly diverse crowd of sonically adventurous, musically hungry, and deeply individual weirdos. I was able to attend the festival on behalf of WRFL as a journalist and media pass holder. I had no idea what to expect and just as much of a clue on what I would write on about the festival. I went with a good friend of mine named Matt Gibson, a fellow WRFL DJ who I've delved into ridiculous musical weirdness with on numerous occasions. With cameras, notebooks and a total geek-dom for sound, we made our way towards Knoxville for the festival.

The lineup for the festival was incredibly diverse. From my first show with cellist, Helen Money, to the scathing and brooding sounds of Nazoranai and to the tear jerking and profoundly impacting final performance of Music for 18 musicians by Steve Reich, Big Ears took you on a trip. Fandom for this area of performance and sound is hardcore. With this kind of experimentalism and avant-garde approach to music, you're either in or you're out. Ergo, the energy of having entire venues packed wall-to-wall was incredible. Those who attended came from all over the world (I met fans who came as far as Korea, Canada and England) to experience something that they were so passionate about.

The display of individuality at this festival was so uplifting and energizing. In a way, Big Ears was as much of a total weirdo-fest as it was a celebration of the sounds and art that we all loved. From fashion to backgrounds to lifestyles, the people of Big Ears would never bore you. It was incredible to talk with anyone there and hear about their intense love for music and how excited they were to be around others who were just as enthralled. The entire aura of the Festival was one of appreciation for each other and the music and for the promotion of creativity and expression.

What the festival really made clear for me is that the range of human creativity and expression is limitless. Each show displayed an artist who, through an alternate route, had found their voice far far away from any conventional ideas of what music should sound like. A lot of the music experienced over the weekend was deeply rooted in drone, polyrhythm, layers of melody and sonic invention. Artists like Dawn of Midi, Helen Money, Colin Stetson, Nils Frahm and the works by Steve Reich would create landscapes of interweaving textures and colors that would land your brain in a deeply meditative spot. Television, Julia Holter, Jenny Hval and Dean + Britta totally pushed the bounds of traditionally thought of genres like pop, rock and electronica. Their music was riddled with interesting instrumentation and musical gestures that were totally fresh and from the heart. On a far end of the spectrum, artists like Oneohtrix Point Never, Tim Hecker, Nazoranai, and Keiji Haino represented such a abstract approach to sound and the way we perceive it. This was music that would drone out and take you into a different state of mind or music that loosened your teeth and unleashed an explosion of sonic blasphemy and boldness.

A highlight for the festival was getting to see the trio comprised of Avant-Garde legends Keiji Haino, Oren Ambarchi and Steve O'Malley called Nazoranai. It was the kind of show I could wait my entire life for. It had a level of intensity, freedom and exploration that blew the meters and left you with ringing ears and a mind full of thoughts totally exiled by a lack of words. That amount of restraint, innovation, dauntlessness and nerve can do anything from excite you to straight up offend you. It was truly an embodiment of the idea that musical expression is limitless and that the human creative process will continue to push boundaries and pave new highways of sound.

Big Ears festival celebrates the innovation of today and the creativity of tomorrow. The music surpasses labels and understanding; the innovation undermines and makes a complete mockery of commercial music and art. It was beautiful and so energizing to visit a gathering point that united underground art and music fans from all over the world. I look forward to attending Big Ears 2015 and encourage anyone seeking a weekend of musical exploration and underground appreciation to head to Knoxville for the festival in the future.

- Cody Putman



Through the eyes of Matt Gibson

I couldn't have felt more welcomed when I arrived at the Big Ears Festival last March; the sounds of a hundred laughing voices echoed throughout the Knoxville Museum of Art. There stood Laraaji, dressed head-to-toe in orange, in the midst of a one-hour workshop exalting laughter as one of the highest forms of relaxation and meditation. BREATHE GOLD LIGHT. BREATHE GOLD LIGHT. It was a beautiful and jubilant way to start one of the best weekends of music I've ever seen.

In 2009 I had seen Pauline Oliveros perform an accordion concert in 16-channel surround sound in that same space while attending the first Big Ears Festival. She was part of a lineup that included Michael Gira (Swans), Fennesz, and Philip Glass, among many others, in a weekend series of shows in small clubs and theaters around downtown Knoxville. It was such a pleasant experience to go to a festival that wasn't all large outdoor stages, standing around in a crowded field either baking in the sun or drenched in rain. Instead the concerts were intimate, seated, and quiet as a mouse; prime listening. It was such a good experience that later that fall WRFL hosted the first Boomslang Festival based on the Big Ears multi-venue format.

So after a three-year suspension of the Big Ears Festival and a glorious five years of celebrating our own Boomslang Festival, it was apt timing that Big Ears returned in 2014 as WRFL makes an exit from festival planning. From rock and roll legends to drone rock heavyweights to Cuban jazz to harsh noise to modern classical and lots of ground in between, Big Ears knew how to shake up a lineup in some really interesting ways. It was an example of what a great WRFL broadcast should be: diversified in genre, instrument, ensemble, age, and volume.

Some of my highlights:

SATURDAY

Helen Money: Wickedly heavy solo cello. Distortion with a delicate touch. Thin but not frail; thin and tough. Tension and weight. As the rain came down harder, I felt a desire to be swept away in the deluge.

Glenn Kotche: Solo percussion set running the gamut of a 50-pc kit. Chimes, keys, cymbals, bells, tiny chirping boxes, electronics, sirens, metal springs... the WORKS. Glenn did it all. UK grad looking pretty good out there.

drcarlsonalbion: Solo instrumental guitar from Dylan Carlson of Earth. Drone rock god interpreting English folk songs. Playing slowly, gently, repeating himself, and patiently conjuring sonic bliss.

Laraaji: Laraaji played a zither, strumming, bowing, and hammering it… from picking individual notes to cascades of rhythmically complex sounds. His partner Arji showed great restraint in her chimes and percussion playing, and then Laraaji opened up his enormous VOICE and bathed everyone in aural energy.

Steve Reich's "Drumming" performed by So Percussion & nief-norf project: All percussion piece keeps adding and subtracting players. They group up on a single marimba and play it furiously. Tremendous amounts of focus and concentration transform the beats into a continuous ebb and flow of activity and buzz. Fully and effectively hypnotic.

SUNDAY

Stephen O'Malley & Oren Ambarchi (duo): Part 1 was a minimalist composition by Alvin Lucier – micro-adjustments to electric guitar subtly shifting the shape of the sound wave: no rhythm, no melody, just sound. For Part 2 they actually held their guitars, though the sounds pulsating from the speakers didn't resemble guitar sounds at all. O'Malley's top string was de-tuned so loose that I could see it vibrate from 30 ft away. Jarring bursts of sonic aggression literally make people jump in their seats. A moment's silence was just anticipation for the next onslaught.

Earth: At the intersection of Lamont Young and Black Sabbath there is Earth. Blues rock riffs slowed down to a patient, reverent pace, repeated at length. Measure and control, power and glory – forever and ever. Amen.

Steve Reich Extravaganza: Closing ceremonies were all about the man of the hour: Reich himself kicked things off by performing his "Clapping Music" as a duo, a simple illustration of the signature methods and phase manipulations that make his work so distinct. Next Johnny Greenwood (Radiohead) played the 15-minute "Electric Counterpoint" for solo guitar with computer accompaniment. And then they wrapped it all up with "Music for 18 Musicians," a vibrant and mesmerizing work of great skill and beauty. Needless to say, the crowd went wild.



But unless you were there, it's hard to understand just how special it was. To see the level of presentation and support for dedicated underground musicians was encouraging. To meet so many other interested attendees and hear their stories and share the mission of WRFL with them was endearing. And to be in the presence of such artistic greatness and to be able to meet & shake hands with some of the icons of the contemporary avant-garde was nothing short of exhilarating.

So it came full circle. Now as the torch of Boomslang is snuffed, I'm glad to see that Big Ears is keeping the flame alive, still fostering the same spark that initially lit Boomslang's fire five years ago... found still lit and burning bright inside this reviewer, anxiously anticipating next March already.

-Matt Gibson



Dylan Carlson
photo cred:
Matt Gibson


Shoegaze Daze
Wednesdays at noon
It's the most fuzz you'll have all week


the heist.
saturday nights at ten o'clock


GO!GO!
METAL RANGERS
TUESDAY NIGHTS
MIDNIGHT - 3AM



THEY SAY, ONCE YOU LISTEN TO

Black 'n Blues

YOU NEVER GO BACK!

TUESDAY || 4-6 || WRFL 88.1



Finding the Words

By: Ryan D. Mosley

Excuse my elegiac tone. I am aware this is unbefitting of the bouncy, peppy personality you so often see me portray. I know that it is not in line with my typical style, that my prose is not usually written in a shroud of grief, dressed in a melancholic cloak of loss and mourning.

Excuse how misunderstood this passage may be. How misdirected its language is. How terse I chose to be. How I may not be able to give you the necessary details to explain my search for the words.
The words.

To describe the man laying in the hospital bed disappearing before my eyes. The strongest man I ever knew. Big Mo. The man in the mines that lifted what three couldn't.

The man who gave me bulky, unseemly hands. The man who chewed tobacco and talked with half his mouth open. And now his mouth is open for a breathing apparatus that pumps in twelve breaths a minute to suffocate him slowly, painlessly.

"There's no saving him."
"Only a miracle can save him."
"Only God can save him."
We pray.

The man who lives in the folded lands. Still's River of Earth. The man I drive to return to see. I pass through the flat lands and see the ground reach upwards to the sky. They tear up the land and nurture fertile valleys. The

great Quetzalcoatl serpent. One after another the mountains burst and whimper back into the soil at the base of the next trough that rises to crest and disappear again. There are no leaves. This is winter. Brown, lifeless waves of Earth.

I'm looking for the words. Any words to part with him on. Something to say to the lifeless eyes, the grey face, the mortician's made up doll that will sink forever.

The man who preachers wail above. He sleeps peacefully through the sermon, and I only pray that he'll wake up. I wrap a giant hand around the metal bars on the coffin. Tears stream. We carry him to his final place. A stone in the ground. That's what he's become. A stone in the ground.
And all of us.

And I need the words. So I search every part of life. In silence there is nothing. In nature there is nothing. In books there is nothing. But in sound I find them all.

The words slip through the sonic cracks. They help sorrow move the pen. I max out the volume of the speakers in the on-air room, and tears flow. They fall on the dimly lit control panel buttons. They splash on the traffic guide. They make a puddle on the blank spiral notebook pages that I press the ink into. And one by one the words come.

Music moves the pen. Music is the answer. Music is everything.

Winter flees. Cold recedes. I find the words.

Funeral Wishes of a Modest Man

When my humble pass halts
like a summer struck by year's first frost-
When unending silence befalls the resting chair
that creases childlike smiles with yarns
spun to warm our common air-
When my pockets are empty of Kentucky's bitter strands-
When they no more make a home for the impatient hands,
that move politics of our cresting lands-
When the Precious Hymn cues a procession to be led
by grandsons carrying the final bed-
When my time amongst men comes to a stop,
lay me up on a mountaintop
under a blanket sewn of fragile, brown nettles
that drift like snow to the feet of pines,
whose permanent shadow is cast unbothered by the toiling mines.
Where hills are fed to skies.
And Silent Death settles well
into the lungs of men
who cough the tune of His Early Bell.
When I am returned to Gaia's bowels-
Silence your wails and mute your howls.
Make your faces like Troublesome in drought.
And celebrate a life you'll soon be without.

SHOW SCHEDULE

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
12AM-03AM	CHLOE	SOUNDPOUND	GO!GO! METAL RANGERS
03AM-06AM	NICOLE	NATHAN H.	RACHEL
06AM-09AM	JAMIE	THE PACOBILLY HOUR	CONNER
09AM-10AM	JED	DEMOCRACY NOW	DEMOCRACY NOW
10AM-12PM	THE NEVERLAND BALLROOM	BRIAN	NOLAN
12PM-02PM	THE HOT BURRITO SHOW	RONNIE	NOLLIE
02PM-04PM	MARIA AND MACY -OR- DJ TRAVI	LANCE	MELISSA
04PM-06PM	THE WORLD BEAT	ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL	BLACK N' BLUES
06PM-08PM	GROWN AND SEXY	CODY	SNUGGLES IN CARL
08PM-10PM	THE JAZZ VAULT	THE PEARCY TROUT HOUR	BLAKE
10PM-12AM	CHRIS W.	OLD SCHOOL HIP-HOP	PATRICK & CHUCK

SUMMER 2014

WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
TISH	ZAC M.	RYAN C.	RADIO CURE
ZACH S.	MATT C.	DESHAWN	UNKL FODDY
CMJ TOP 20 COUNTDOWN	TRIVIAL THURSDAYS	PRE-WAR BLUES SELF HELP RADIO	KAI
DEMOCRACY NOW	DEMOCRACY NOW	DEMOCRACY NOW	AGES 3 AND UP
BEN A.	DARYL -OR- TYLER	FITTER, HAPPIER	BLUE YODEL #9
SHOEGAZE DAZE	PEANUT BUTTER & JAMS	TREVOR	HONKY TONK HAPPY HOUR
MARY C.	THE WAY OUT	ACCENTS -OR- TRAVIS K.	SULLY -OR- JUSTIN T.
THE HUMPDAY BUMP	THE BLUNT LASER	THE WEEKEND WAVE	BURNING SENSATIONS
BEN S.	ZAK	PHANTOM POWER DOUBLE HOUR	EL TREN LATINO
WRFL LIVE!	MUSIC OF INDIA	THE UNCA BILL SHOW	THE PSYCHEDELICATESSEN
THE CATACOMBS	THE MUSICAL BOX	ELIZABETH	THE HEIST

6,837 Miles Apart:

Mapping music scenes in Seoul and Lexington with Vegan Death

Interview with Aaron Crace and Ben Pecoraro by: Cheyenne Hohman



I first met Aaron after a show, and met Ben a little while later, hanging out in a kitchen full of plants, listening to records and eating green chocolate chip cookies as soon as they came out of the oven (it was around St Patrick's Day). I found out that they had both not only been living in Seoul, Korea for a few years teaching English, but that they had been in a band there called Vegan Death, which is active in Lexington now that they're both back in the states.

When they started in Korea, Vegan Death played shows with a variety of Korean and ex-pat bands. There seem to be a lot of hardcore and ska bands there presently, but there are other forms of independent and experimental music too, slowly building up the young Seoul scene. During their time together abroad, Aaron and Ben worked on a handful of music projects, including a 4-track side project that spawned the first generation of Vegan Death songs. The interview that follows was done in my living room on a rainy Spring evening.

Me: Tell me about how Vegan Death started.
Aaron: We were doing the Whale/eel band, we were writing the stuff with the eel imagery. Did that band break up? Why did it become me and you with a 4-track?
Ben: Well, Mat, our guitarist, was never available, he was in My Man Mike, and we kinda dragged him into it. Pat was our drummer, he was an original member of Vegan Death.
Aaron: Yeah, he's on our record. He's like, the dopest guy. He would stand up and play drums. It worked for us. But then Ben and I started 4-tracking stuff all the time. We made this cassette tape album that nobody really heard. I'd play drums, and [Ben] would play bass and synthesizer, and I'd play guitar and we'd sing.
Ben: Some really cool stuff came out of that.
Aaron: And some Vegan Death stuff, too.

Me: So, why are there so many eels?
Ben: That's a good question… It's his spirit animal!
Aaron: Yeah, it's like a totem. I run across the image of the eel from time to time, and I think that it's like, 'Yeah, you're on the right track,' or whatever. You know? This one time, a guy had a bag of eels and he dumped them on the street, and they were moving around and it was freaking me out. That was the first time, and then I had some dreams about them. We always use it on our artwork and stuff, and sometimes we have songs that include something about an eel.

Me: Why is your band called Vegan Death? It sounds like the name of a hardcore band.
Aaron: We are a hardcore band, I think. I mean, we were part of the hardcore scene in Seoul. I wrote this song called "Vegan Death," and then, I was like, "Yeah, Vegan Death records!" we were going to start a label.
Ben: You were really into tapes, at the time.
Aaron: Yeah, I only wanted to do tapes. And we had all these conversations about band names, you know, like everyone has. And we were like, "It's too bad we can't think of a cool band name, because we've got this cool record label name…"
Ben: So I said it, like, "Why don't we just call our band 'Vegan Death'?" [laughter.]

Me: How long have you been playing music?
Aaron: I used to play drums in high school and then I switched to guitar.
Ben: I've been playing music for a long time. I played various instruments, I played piano growing up, and I played cello all through middle school and high school, and I played bass with the UK Jazz Band, where I got some real chops. I got into bass in high school and col-

lege, and it's been bass ever since. My whole struggle through life was that I wanted to play music with my friends, and none of my friends growing up played music until I met Aaron, when we were in school, working together, so it just naturally came together. When we were in Korea, he wanted to get back into music, so I was happy to join up and do that.

Me: Was there an indie scene at all in Korea?
Ben: There were a bunch of really good Korean indie bands, I dipped into a lot of shows myself, but there is definitely a communication barrier.
Aaron: I guess that's why the hardcore scene was so cool, because it was kind of a marriage of the ex-pats and the Koreans.
Ben: And everyone's really positive and supportive and all that.

Me: Got that PMA? [Bad Brains reference; stands for "Positive Mental Attitude"]
Ben: Yeah! There are a lot of Korean bands, too, that are into shoegaze-style stuff.
Aaron: We played a show, and the first band was playing traditional Korean instruments to make experimental music, it was awesome, and then there was this really polished, shoegaze-y pop band. And then it was us. [laughter.] One time, for my birthday, we played at this art space with Yuppie Killer, a hardcore band, and My Man Mike, in Mullae, which is like midtown Seoul. There was a cool art community there and they'd have shows.

Me: Was it mostly expats or was it a blend?
Aaron: It was totally a blend, which is what was so rad about it. It was a total DIY, concrete-floor-y kinda place, makeshift bar, but it was also BYOB. It's like that everywhere, though. You can basically take a 40oz to the movies or on the bus.

Me: Was there any kind of house-show type stuff going on in Korea?
Aaron: It was either art spaces or practice spaces. Everyone lives in apartments. But you're not carrying around instruments and amps. When you rent a practice space or play a gig, the venue provides drums and amps. So you just have to get your guitar and get in a cab. It's really convenient, you don't have to lug a bunch of shit around like you do here.

Me: How would you say the music scene here in Lexington compares to the one in Seoul?
Aaron: In Seoul, whatever scene it is, it's going to be a really small scene.
Ben: It's small, but it's intimate, and you're always going to get a good show. The venues are all amazing, they're all in basements, because everything is stacked on top of each other. We should mention Mogijang! It's a one-of-a-kind bar. We lived in Sinchon, which is like a big nightlife spot with a lot of bars and music and clubs. There was this one bar called Mogijang, which means "mosquito net," and they just played 90's indie music. With cats! They had all these cats everywhere.
Ben: Yeah, the cats, there was Gami, Kami,

Homi… and one of them got pregnant and had some kittens.
Aaron: Yeah, and it was owned by these two people, Mogi and Misu. You go in, and they're playing Loveless, and Ride, and Beat Happening. Everything we love, you know?
Ben: And eventually we found out that Misu was a literature major, and we'd spend hours talking about books, music, politics or whatever, and then they'd break out the projector and show us their favorite Pavement videos.

Me: So, are you going to release your recordings on vinyl or tape or something?
Aaron: Yeah, we're going to press a record. 100 black, 100 pink. Hop Hop is doing it. It seems to me, if you're a band and you're not really playing, I wouldn't want to put out a record for a band that didn't plan to play any shows. We had Lauren Bolender, she played with us while Ben was in Korea, and she was awesome, and Bodie/John Drake, and then Ben got back, and that's been great, and Joe [Drury]'s been helping us out, too. And Lexington is really supportive. In Korea, nobody really liked Vegan Death. Then we came back here, and everyone's like, "This is great!" That's how I met Nick Pulliam - we played in a basement and he came up and was like, "That was fuckin' sick!" And I was like, "Nobody's ever said that."

Me: So what do you think about the Lexington scene?
Aaron: It's just like, the best, most positive scene. Overwhelmingly positive, as a fan and as a musician. There are shows all the time, and so many great bands. It's counterintuitive, a small, quaint downtown, and academia, but it's just absolutely cool, and so many venues - Sidecar and Al's, the Green Lantern, and Cosmic Charlie's.
Ben: And houses, house shows are my favorite. Everyone's been really supportive and really nice. That means a lot to me.

You can find Vegan Death's upcoming shows on Facebook at https://www.facebook.com/VeganDeath or look for their record out on Hop Hop this summer.



Honky Tonk HAPPY HOUR

join Jess on Saturdays
from Noon to 1pm



CMJ Top 20 Countdown

Wednesdays 7-9AM


WRFL LIVE
live local music /// wednesdays 8-10pm
the
Percy Trout
hour
the percy trout hour ➡ the grooviest tunes and found sounds from all over the globe
wrfl 88.1fm ➡ mondays 8pm to 10pm ➡ 1999 – 2014 (15 years on the air)

The British (*Soul*) Invasion

by: Cody Putman

Soul music has been one of the most influential forces on the popular music scene since its dawn and birth from American Rhythm and Blues of the 40's and 50's. Early legends like Cole Porter, 70's giants such as Stevie Wonder, and 80's divas like Tina Turner and Aretha Franklin have inspired entire movements in music. In the 1990's, American artists like Erykah Badu, Maxwell, D'Angelo and Lauryn Hill stole the scene during what many would call the dawn of neo-soul.

The movement revealed the timelessness of this music and how its versatility and passion affected and influenced those from any background, musical taste or culture. In the past 10 years, England has been a driving force in providing the world with some of the freshest lyricists, slickest albums and most passionate musicians in soul. The London scene that has dominated the likes of house, pop, garage, drum and bass and with stupid good underground support is churning out the best in soul nowadays with artists who break down stereotypes and redefine the sound of soul and push musical elements to a new fringe. This is the new British invasion.



SAMPHA

For only being around for a couple of years, this South-London native's simple, humble and well-crafted approach to music has burst onto the scene and landed him collaborations with not only other British artists like SBTRKT, Jessie Ware, Lil' Silva and Katy B, but also internationally acclaimed Canadian Rapper, Drake. Sampha's music is close to the heart where the lyrics focus around intimate issues. This music is bold and inventive but tender, humble and certainly a timeless sound.



OMAR

"The Man" is such an adequately named latest album from the acclaimed "godfather of British Soul." Omar Lye-Fook has a long and rich history as not only a musician but family man with strong vision, passion and commitment to his vibe. Omar came into the picture in the late 80's and 90's and quickly took hold of a soul scene that had been invaded with kick drums and claps during the House craze of the 80's and 90's. Omar takes strong cues from 70's RnB and his sounds are fresh, uplifting and just raunchy-filthy-groovy. His collaborations with American artists like Erykah Badu and Stevie Wonder brought him into America's eye at the latter half of the neo-soul era of the late 90's.



JESSIE WARE

This woman is powerful! Jessie Ware ended up in music through happenstance by being introduced to SBTRKT and Sampha in 2009 while providing background vocals for Jack Peñate. From her early collaboration, "Nervous", with SBTRKT and "Valentine" with Sampha, Jessie Ware can only look up. Her 2012 debut album, Devotion was a solid impression onto the scene and showed off not only her musical versatility but also her ability to rework the idea of a soul diva back into the scene. Ware's music is fun, danceable and stitched together with the lyrics that reveal her uniqueness, passion, character and spunk. Her beauty in artistry, individuality and production will blow you away.



FATIMA

Swedish-born, London-based songstress Fatima knows how to get the job done. Her music leans heavily on groove, deep vibes and the slickest of artistry. Fatima's music is innovative and catchy, but not campy, nor is it selling out to anything. Her voice is crystalline and a perfect fit for the naked, raw beats and sparkling sounds of her music. Some of my favorite work from her comes from collaborations with quirky artists like Dam-Funk and Funkeneven whose unconventional and totally wicked, funky approach to production is a fresh sound that no one can ignore.



LIANNE LA HAVAS

The baddest of the bad. La Havas has been around for only a short time in the scene but has gained the attention and praise she deserves for her organic approach to songwriting and beautiful, captivating personal image and artistry. La Havas is another talent from the absurdly rich South London scene and a musical upbringing and training can be attributed to her wonderful song-crafting. Her sound is deeply intimate, sultry, captivating and beautiful all at once. It's that sound that has landed her a tour with Bon Iver, opening for Alicia Keys and collaborating with American songwriter Willy Mason. She carries a strong Esperanza Spalding vibe and the soul of and serenity of Sarah Vaughn.



LAURA MVULA

With a raw, unbridled voice and a classically trained mastery and ear for orchestration and producing, London based Laura Mvula's music will floor you and then proceed to take you to a higher place. Mvula's time spent at conservatory paid off in her debut album Sing to the Moon which was filled with beautifully orchestrated, quality music that she used as backdrop for lyrics that are just as strong, ambitious and inspirational. Mvula has a strong personality that electrifies her image and stage presence. She's brought some serious class into the scene. Mvula's career is just beginning but it's bound to be long and prosperous.



DALEY

With his signature hair and glasses, Daley is a slick addition to the British R&B scene as of only a couple of years ago. His early years kicked off with diverse collaborations with artists such as Jessie J, Gorillaz and Marsha Ambrosius. Daley's sound is nostalgic, deep and drips out of the speakers like honey. It's catchy, diverse and his voice is distinct with great control and range. His debut album Days and Nights was met with lots of love and commenced a U.S tour where he garnered an impressive amount of support for an upcoming artist who defies the traditional and moves forward with a deeply individual momentum and passion for quality vibes.



ST. VINCENT

Most recently on tour with David Byrne promoting their collaborative album Love This Giant, Annie Clark of St. Vincent is back on the road with her latest self-titled record. On April 8th, St. Vincent performed at Bogart's in Cincinnati and continued to display her creative genius that is always pushing the boundaries of pop music. Her innovative sound is perfectly accompanied by her on-stage persona, commanding the stage with an intense and arresting presence. Sporting wiry, periwinkle hair and a mixed media dress that can best be described as artfully blood-splattered, her look was strikingly beautiful. From her first moment on stage, Clark's movements were perfectly calculated and often synchronized with her band members', making for a unique performance that rivals any either of us has ever seen. Although every song was memorable in its own way, highlights of the night included a stoic cover of Nirvana's "Lithium" in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of Kurt Cobain's death as well as an emphatic rendition of a Strange Mercy favorite, "Cheerleader." Overall, it was her power over an audience mesmerized by her charismatic poise and engrossed by her words that made for a truly riveting show.

–Macy Gould and Maria Starck

Sexts Drugs & Rock n'Roll

"A Boomslang lived through Social Media"

By: Allie Huddleston

I visited my family in North Carolina for the weekend and took a walk down a forest trail one sunny afternoon. It was early October and warm, though it lacked the humidity that encompasses lands south of the Mason-Dixon line well into September. Brown leaves smothered the path on which we walked, though most of the trees stubbornly remained green. The air smelled fresh and clean in a way only Carolina air can.

Too bad I don't have my phone, I thought. I'd love to Instagram this.

We live in a world where they say, "nothing has happened unless it's on [Facebook, Twitter, Instagram, Google+, etc.]." In short, nothing has truly happened until we can force others to acknowledge that it did.

It is a world where we are constantly refreshing, constantly creating a need to be up-to-date on the lives of others, and a need to keep others up-to-date on our own. The quest for validation is quantified by likes, reposts, followers, and "friends lists."

We are constantly feeding our inner narcissists so that they materialize into outer narcissists embodied by our online presences.

Of course social media is useful and awesome; this is no attack on using social media and loving our online self-representations. However, social media has altered the way that events are remembered and memorialized.

Case in point: Boomslang 2013.

We all memorialized our Boomslang experiences. Through promotion before, with our

status sharing and linking to http://boomslang-fest.com, to posting pictures and updates during the festival until the bitter end. In my case, the end was a profile picture backstage at Cosmic, taken by Nathan. For all the craziness and hard work over the weekend, all I wanted was a cool profile picture to sum it up. That is the (very conceited) truth, but I'm okay with the truth.

Still, the most memorable events of Boomslang weekend were not recorded on social media at all, but occurred between the online posts. There were the sexts from a semi-famous rock star. There were makeouts every night with a different person. There was picking up Com Truise from his hotel and bonding about our favorite bourbons during a traffic jam. There was Gary and I in his car, and the appetizing hospitality displays we assembled that became beer-soaked crumbs by the end of the night. There was the moment Jack fell down and sprained his foot during The Blow's soundcheck. There was Jon Finnie coming through for me at the last minute Sunday night when a volunteer had a family emergency and could not show up. There were these memories, and so many more, that never made it to the newsfeed.

These are the moments I will always remember, partly because I need to remember them. All the other memories are stored in the memory of my phone.



#BBN

by David Cole

With swish and flick and mastered
wrist, ball sinks from deep three
territory. Five points, takes lead
with two seconds left. The quiet
sea erupts with the roars of those
who thought all was lost on this
holiest of grounds. City explodes
and we take to the streets to revel
in the victory of other men, still
we call our own.

I meet friends at The Place, State
Street by the hospital. As we arrive,
orange flecks spot our eyes as
tongues lick up, burn the sky,
lick in, and feel foreign mouths.
The smell is dense as smog, Bud
and weed and sweat, haunts me
as I remember nights of fancy
in much the same way. This the
ultimate party I wasn't invited to.
This crowd is wild and excited
and yelling so loud for out C-A-
T-S. Cats. Cats. Cats. On, on.

When I first saw Them, we huddled
around a burning couch, felt the
heat lift from its upholstery and
felt the heat from one another in
the way the other did, last year,
and 2012, and 2011, and 1998,
and before we walked upright.

He was a large man, a builder,
and She was a pretty blond that
I felt jealous of him over. He had
eyes that stung you if you gazed
too long at Her. He was a guardian.
And He held Her close, kept Her
from being pushed by rabble.
Raised Her up on his shoulders,
where other girls showed their
T-I-T-S. Tits. Tits. Tits. On, on.
Not her, though. God no, not Her.

When I saw Them again, I had taken
a hit from someone's joint and some
one else's fist. My face ached and I
felt the whizz of the air and the heat
of the fires and I said "Fuck the pigs!"
and didn't mean it. Flags were burning
now, and shirts, and anything else
that seemed flammable enough.

He held Her closer, now. He held Her
tighter and gripped in ways that looked
less like gripping, more like groping.

She smiled, She laughed, She hesitated. He noticed and His stinging eyes turned from me to Her. She kissed Him, grabbed Him, and accepted.

When the bottles started flying, my friends and I began the walk back to our beds and comfort and clean. We went through clouds of dank and loud and coughing fits while holding up our three-point goggles and high-fiving drunks. Then I saw Them again.

He was holding Her so very tightly now, by both wrists and forcing Her back. She hits brick wall and She loses Her smile. He grabs Her neck and pushes and Her head bounces off of brick like a basketball. My friends didn't see Them before, I think, and I don't think they had felt the same lust I had. They beat the street, crossing to Him and shouting that He needed to stop as She fell to the ground, tears. His stinging eyes turned to them, then back to me as I followed, stuck behind. He fled, with attention on Him now and another woman helped Her recover. He looked at us with a scowl, He looked at us with anger. I looked at myself and

I realized that I had done nothing.




Ouch!



listen


saecial media books.gifts.suprises 371 south limestone 859.255.4316



Spirit Animal creation by: Tish BooKitty


FREE
FOR ALL